Ben. This wind you talke of, blowes vs from our ſelues,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.
Ro. I feare too early, for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a deſpiſed life cloſde in my breſt:
By ſome vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute; on luſtie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He ſhift a Trencher, he ſcrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners ſhall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they vnwaſht to, tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the ioyn-ſtooles, remoue the Court-cubbert, looke to the Plate, good thou, ſaue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou loues me, let the Porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
2. I Boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and ſought for in the great Chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be briſk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the gueſts and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now denie to dance, ſhe that makes daintie,
She Ile ſweare hath Cornes: am I come neare you now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue ſeene the day
That I haue worne a Viſor and could tell

A whiſpering Tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleaſe: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Muſitians play

Muſicke playes, and they dance.

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it girles,
More light you Knaues, and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah ſirrah, this vnlookt for ſport comes well:
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dancing dayes:
How long ift now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a Maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirtie yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man tis not ſo much, tis not ſo mu
Tis ſince the Nuptiall of *Lucientio*,
Come Pentycoſt as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his ſonne is elder ſir
His ſonne is thirtie.
1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His ſonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.
Ro. What Ladie is that which doth inrich the ha
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not ſir.
Ro. O ſhe doth teach the Torches to burne brigh
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewell in an Æthiops eare,
Beautie too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhewes a ſnowe Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhowes:
The meaſure done, Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now, forſweare it ſight,
For I nere ſaw true beautie till this night.
Tib. This by his voyce, ſhould be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the ſlaue
Come hether couerd with an antique face,